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THE CHILCATS OF ALASKA.

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At the northern end of the Alexander Archipelago, between latitude 59° and 60°, amid the grandest and wildest scenery on the continent, dwell the Chilcat tribe of South-eastern Alaska. They have three ancient villages on the Chilcat River, the northernmost being Clok-won, containing 65 houses and 558 inhabitants. This village is situated along rapids of the river, and is supplied with an abundance of fresh fish winter and summer. At this village a branch mission station of the Presbyterian Church has been established, and a log-house and school-room erected.

A few miles south of Clok-won is Katwaltu, with eleven houses and 125 inhabitants.

Twenty miles south of Clok-won at tide-water is Jendestaka, with 16 houses and 171 people. A few miles to the eastward of these villages, along the rapids of the Chilcoot River, is Chilcoot, with eight houses and 127 inhabitants, and near by the fishing village of Tenany, with two houses and twenty people.

Altogether the Chilcats number a thousand souls. They are a well-formed, active, healthy race. They are great traders, being the "middlemen" of their region, carrying the goods of commerce to the interior and exchanging them for furs, which are brought to the coast and in turn exchanged for more merchandise. Their native dress consists of dressed deer-skin, ornamented with fur and sometimes with quill embroidery, and a carved wooden hat. They are skilful carvers in wood, stone, and metals. Their wands or sticks used in sorcery, their ordinary household dishes and boxes, spoons, canes, the posts that support the roof of their houses, and many other things, are elaborately carved with the emblems of their totems or family clans. The women excel in the weaving from grasses and bark beautiful table mats and baskets of a great variety of shape and size. They are also beautiful sewers. Their favorite position while sewing is seen in the illustration on another page.

They occupy large plank houses about fifty feet square. The entrance is a low door, from which steps descend to the floor. Around the four sides of the room are one and sometimes two platforms, which are used for stowing away their boxes and goods, and also for sleeping. In the illustration the platform on one side is curtained off for a sleeping apartment. The fireplace is in the middle of the room. The smoke from the fire curls around the room and then finds exit out of a hole in the roof for that purpose.

They have among them four distinct tribal families, named respectively the Cinnamon Bear, the Crows, the Wolves and the Whales. The Crows and Bears constitute the aristocracy. These totems also exist among the neighboring tribes, much as several secret societies may exist in the same college and each of these have chapters in other colleges. A man and woman of the same totem, although no blood relation, cannot marry. The children belong to the same totem as the mother, so that it often happens in war that fathers and sons are on opposite sides. During the summer of 1881 a difficulty arose at Clok-won which presents one phase of the working of these totem clans.

It also illustrates the Indian's idea of justice, an eye for an eye and a life for a life. The account was received from Lieut. J. C. Hawes, U. S. N., who was sent with a party of marines to inquire into the matter, and, who, under instructions from Commander Glass, of the man-of-war Wachusett, very kindly brought myself and carpenters from that section after the erection of the mission premises at Haines.

In May one of the Crow totem by the name of Gan-a-hoo procured a barrel of molasses at Juneau, and upon his return home gave a feast to the members of his totem. The molasses was changed into an intoxicating drink called hoochinoo, and the whole party got drunk.

Tesokokus, a Whale chief, was invited to join in the debauch, and upon declining was struck by a drunken Crow. Being sober, he took no notice of the insult. His first wife, a Crow, being angry that her husband should refuse the hospitality of her totem, and maddened by liquor, entered a house where a nephew of her husband was drying seaweed. Snatching the seaweed from him, she threw it into the fire.

The young man, noticing that she was drunk, paid no attention to her, except by asking if she thought that he and his wife were slaves. His quiet demeanor so exasperated her that she abused him to the best of her ability.

Tesokokus' second wife then went with an exaggerated account of the matter to the mother of the first wife, who hurried to the house and commenced abusing Tesokokus, accusing him of ill-treating her daughter. This so exasperated him that, seizing a knife, he cut her in the head; then, biting off a piece of the wounded scalp, threw it and her out of doors together. A nephew of the old woman, by the name of Charley, witnessing the assault, went out into the street and stabbed the first three members of the Whale family he met. This brought on a general fight, during which Tesokokus stabbed a young Crow chief to death.

As a Whale had killed a Crow, it now became necessary, in accordance with their customs, that a Whale of equal rank should be killed. Tesokokus then detailed his nephew to die for the Whale totem.

The young man selected proceeded at once to prepare for his death. Dressing in his best clothes, he went out of the house dancing the peculiar death-dance which they use when one dies for glory. The Crows, however, refused to shoot him, and continued to call on Tesokokus to come out of his house and die. This he refused to do. A general firing then commenced between the parties, during which a Crow was wounded. The Crows then again called on Tesokokus to come out and die, that one having died on each side, it might be even and peace be restored. But upon his refusing, the firing was resumed and continued all night, but without serious results, as both parties were in barricaded houses.

In the morning Tesokokus concluded to go out and die. In the meantime his Crow wife, who was the cause of all the trouble, had become sober, and determined to stand

CHILCAT SCHOOLHOUSE AND TEACHER'S RESIDENCE, HAINES, ALASKA.

by her husband unto death. As he went out to die she placed herself between him and her own totem, and called upon them not to shoot until he had descended the front steps to the ground, lest his body should be bruised in falling, which would be a great disgrace. The Crows, angry that she should shield her husband, shot her. Tesokokus and the Whales then retired into his house to allow the Crows to carry off the body of the murdered woman, as after death her body belonged to her totem. An armistice was then arranged until after her cremation.

During the armistice Shateritch, the head chief, returned from a trading expedition into the interior, and at once set about making peace, but in vain.

In the returned party were Sidnootz and his sister, members of the Crow totem, who, learning of the death of the Crow chief, joined in the fight. The young woman, willing to die herself if she could only entice Tesokokus out of his house and thus give her friends an opportunity of killing him, came out in front of it and reminded him of an unsettled feud between them, and dared him to come out and shoot her. Tesokokus, then, from behind his barricade, shot her through the heart. Sidnootz, rushing forward to avenge her death, fell wounded. The firing then ceased, that his friends might recover the body and carry it inside.

Tesokokus now signified his intention to die, and came out dancing the death-dance. He was immediately fired at by a number of the Crows and slightly wounded. Dropping to the ground he feigned death. As before, all firing ceased until the body should be removed. Sidnootz came forward to look at the enemy, when Tesokokus suddenly sprang to his feet, seized his gun, and shot Sidnootz through the heart. Then taking a keg of powder with bullets and caps, he ran to the woods and intrenched himself with a few of his followers, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Soon another woman was wounded.

When Tesokokus took to the woods, his mother, sister, and uncle, who were left in his house, felt that he was a coward and had disgraced the family by refusing to die. To wipe out this disgrace and save the honor of the family, they determined to offer themselves for sacrifice. Dressing up in their best clothes, the mother, the fatal knife with which the first cutting had been done hanging around her neck as a token that she was giving her life as an equivalent for that of the Crow chief, first went out and was killed. She was immediately followed by the sister, who was also instantly shot. Then the uncle went out in turn and was shot dead. Finally Tesokokus, in endeavoring to reach his house for a fresh supply of ammunition, was several times wounded and finally killed. This made eight killed—four on each side—and ordinarily this would have ended the fight. But Sidnootz and his sister belonged to a higher class and are considered worth more than one life each. Then neither party wanted to count the Crow woman, wife of Tesokokus.

This difficulty was still in progress when the Rev. E. S. Millard and myself visited them. It was our hope to have located the principal mission at that village; but, unable to carry the necessary material for the buildings up the shallow river, we built on Portage Bay, and named the new station Haines, after the efficient Secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. From the mission house fifteen glaciers are visible. As the Chilcats come more and more under the influence of the Gospel such bloody scenes will cease.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

A grand experiment for the benefit of boys has been made in the city of Buffalo by Miss Charlotte Mulligan. When a girl of seventeen she began her humane work. Suddenly reduced to straitened circumstances by the failure and death of her father, the current of her life was changed from seeking her own pleasure to a desire to be useful to others. Being the only sister of five brothers, she appreciated the trials and temptations to which boys were exposed, and resolved to devote herself to their improvement. Accordingly she wended her way one Sunday morning to the mission school and told the superintendent that she would like to become one of his regular teachers, and would prefer a class of his worst boys. "There they are," said he, "in that corner. They have exhausted the patience of five teachers. You may try them if you desire." Imagine, then, a dozen ragged, unwashed boys, about the age of fourteen, with hats on, chewing tobacco, expectorating in all directions, and passing their coarse jests freely round; on a stool in front of them sits a lovely girl, tastefully dressed in fresh summer attire; a sweet vision of purity that awed them to respectful silence without a word.

"Young gentlemen," she said, on taking her seat, "I am very happy the superintendent has assigned me this class, and I hope to be your teacher all summer. When we meet in the street I shall say, 'There are some of my scholars,' and I shall expect you to raise your hats and bow to me" (off went all the hats); "and you will point me out as your teacher, and I know you will not like to see my dress covered with tobacco juice" (the quids were furtively dropped). She dispensed with the lesson of the day and told them *charming stories*, to which they listened with rapt attention to the close of the session; and then they urged her to go on. She asked each boy his name, writing it carefully down, and in turn she gave them her card, with the number and street where she resided, and said: "I want you all to come there one afternoon every week. I have so much to tell you that I cannot crowd one-half of what I desire to say into the allotted hour on Sunday. And boys," she added, "as water is plenty here where we have this great lake Erie, I would like to have you all come clean."

When the day arrived they were all there, with evident attempts at cleanliness. She gave them seats under the trees, and offered them crackers and cheese to begin with, thinking with that ancient sect that a man's soul is in his stomach, and that the boy, made on the same general plan, could be most easily reached through that organ. On these week-days she taught them the decencies of life, good manners and good language interspersing her practical lessons with amusing or pathetic stories. Step by step, she made the acquaintance of their parents, helped them to find work, to better homes, better food and clothing—soon interesting a number of wealthy families in her experiment. From week to week and year to year, she went steadily on, her class rapidly increasing, and she gaining a complete influence over them, and, in the form of stories, imparting much moral and religious instruction. By her efforts the mission school was soon transplanted from a rickety old building, where she had often taught with an umbrella over her head, to a nice stone chapel, where in later years she met her full-grown boys every Sunday, conducting the services and talking to them as a mother would to her sons on all their practical duties. In addition she has a large hall uptown near her own residence where they meet one evening in the week for music and conversation. Many, seeing her good work, have contributed generously to forward her plans. The boys have sets of musical instruments and well trained bands of their own. They have their boats, too, and during the summer enjoy in turn an evening row on their beautiful lake. They have their secret society and monthly paper, both called the *Guard of Honor*, designed for mutual aid, and to help younger boys just starting in the thorny paths through which they have travelled.

Over three thousand have already passed to manhood under these influences, and of these over three-fourths have remained true to their pledges, and many are filling responsible positions in the world of work.

In an interview with Miss Mulligan, a few years ago, she said: "What is needed to complete my experiment is large buildings, where my boys can find lodgings and rational amusements, removed from the demoralizing influences of those parts of a city where the poor are compelled to dwell. Could I have changed their environments," said she, "I could have saved ten thousand as easily as I have three."

If we could turn the present *furore* for monuments to great men to building homes for those who do the work of the world, we might avert many impending dangers. Wherever a laboring man owns a home he has an interest in the order and safety of that community. That block of tenement houses erected by George Peabody in London, to shelter the living, is a prouder monument to his memory than the purest parian shaft among the sepulchres of the departed. —*Mrs. E. C. Stanton, in Forum.*

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY.

Dr. Spenser, a Methodist clergyman, was one day riding with the infidel Ingersoll. They were speaking of the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Methodist church, when the divine said to the infidel, "I wish you would tell me how you account for this remarkable growth." The sceptic answered: "You believe in a God and a devil, and you speak of them occasionally. You believe in a heaven and a hell, and you are not afraid to say so. You believe in a God that is willing to boost if the sinner is willing to climb."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 28.

JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST.—Rev. 1: 4-18.

COMMIT VERSES 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev. 1: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The once crucified Jesus is now the glorious, all-powerful, conquering King of Kings.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 1: 1-20.
T. Rev. 2: 1-29.
W. Rev. 3: 1-22.
Th. Matt. 24: 14-42.
F. Dan. 7: 1-14.
Sa. Isa. 6: 1-13.
Su. Rev. 19: 1-16.

TIME.—The Book of Revelation was written probably A.D. 95 or 96.

PLACE.—The island of Patmos, in the Egean Sea, a small, rocky island, six or eight miles long, by one broad.

AUTHOR.—St. John the Apostle.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION is a prophetic book, to comfort the churches in their weakness and persecutions, with the assurance that Jesus was alive, guiding all events, and would triumph in the end, bringing complete redemption to the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

SEVEN CHURCHES: In verse 11, but also typical of the whole Church. ASIA: the proconsular province, called Asia, in Western Asia Minor. WHICH IS, etc.: the eternal Father. THE SEVEN SPIRITS, THE HOLY SPIRIT: called seven as the perfect number, and representing His manifold ways of working. 5. FIRST-BEGOTTEN OF THE DEAD: first to rise from the dead, and have a resurrection body. 6. KINGS: or a kingdom, all Christians together forming a kingdom; each one being also a king. PRIESTS: to teach, to sacrifice for, to lead to God. 7. COMETH WITH CLOUDS: of attendants, or symbols of majesty. KINDREDS OF THE EARTH: the worldly, in opposition to His kingdom. 8. ALPHA AND OMEGA: the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. He exists from eternity to eternity. 9. WAS IN PATMOS: banished there by Domitian. 10. IN THE SPIRIT: in a devotional, exalted ecstatic state of mind. 11. SMYRNA, etc.: cities of Asia, not far from Ephesus. 12. CANDLESTICKS: lampstands, the churches, who hold up before the world the light of Jesus. 13. CLOTHED: in royal raiment. 14. HAIRS WHITE: typical of wisdom and experience. 15. FEET LIKE BRASS: to tread down all opposition. 16. SEVEN STARS: the angels, verse 20; the ministers of the churches. TWO-EDGED SWORD: His Word. 18. HE THAT LIVETH: the Living One, the eternal God. AND WAS DEAD: became man, and died as man dies.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the Book of Revelation? When? Where? What was its purpose? Who revealed it to John? (v. 1.)

SUBJECT: THE DIVINE JESUS, THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

I. THE TRIUNE GOD (vs. 4, 5).—To whom did John write? Name these seven churches. (v. 11.) Where are these churches? Was the revelation for them alone?

What two things did He ask for the churches? From whom? How is the Father described? The Holy Spirit? Why is He spoken of as the seven spirits? Who is the third person mentioned? Prove from this lesson that He is divine?

II. THE WORK OF JESUS (vs. 5-8).—How many descriptive titles are given to Jesus in these verses? How is He the first-begotten from the dead? How is He the Prince of the kings of the earth? Meaning of "Alpha and Omega." How many things has He done for us, mentioned in these verses? How will He come? What is meant by His coming? (Dan. 7: 13, 14; Isa. 60: 15-22; Rev. 21: 1-6.) What comfort to the Church in this promise?

III. THE VOICE OF JESUS (vs. 9-11).—What troubles were upon the churches at this time? In what three things was John their companion? What is it to be in the Spirit? What day was called the Lord's Day? What did John hear? What did it say?

IV. THE VISION OF JESUS (vs. 12-18).—What is represented by the candlesticks? (v. 20; Matt. 5: 14.) Who appeared among them? What does that represent? Describe the vision of Jesus? What is symbolized by His white hair? (Rom. 11: 33, 34.) By His flaming eyes? (Prov. 15: 3; Heb. 4: 13.) By His feet of burnished brass? (Dan. 4: 35.) By His voice? By the two-edged sword? (Heb. 4: 12.) What does all this teach us about Jesus, the captain of our Salvation? Why does He again declare His divinity? Meaning of v. 18.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God is presented to us as the triune God, that we may have some understanding of His varied nature and relations to us.

II. Jesus Christ is (1) the witness of God's message to us; (2) the proof that there is resurrection and life for us; (3) the ruler of all earthly forces and powers; (4) our loving friend; (5) our redeemer from sin into the greatest glory.

III. He has made Christians to be kings over all earthly powers; over evil; over heavenly influences, that they may use them for the good of men.

IV. Christians are priests, to teach men, to make sacrifices for their good, to pray for them, and lead them to God.

V. With a saviour like ours, victory is certain in the end, the redemption of the whole world.

VI. Christians are light-bearers for Christ, to cause His life and teachings to shine over all the world.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 5.

WORSHIPPING GOD AND THE LAMB.—Rev. 5: 1-4.

COMMIT VERSES 11-13

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Rev. 5: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every one should join with the angels and the whole creation in worship and praise of Him who has redeemed us by His blood, and made us kings and priests unto God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 4: 1-11.
T. Rev. 5: 1-14.
W. Rev. 6: 1-17.
Th. Ezek. 1: 4-28.
F. Philip. 2: 1-11.
Sa. 2 Cor. 5: 1-19.
Su. Eph. 3: 1-21.

TIME, etc.—See last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—Following our last lesson are two chapters containing the messages of warning and encouragement to the churches. Then, with chapter four begins the series of visions; chaps. four and five are introductory pictures of the glory of the heavenly Guardians of the Church, and of the watchful care over her destiny.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. AND I SAW: see the vision in chap. four, of which this is a continuation. A BOOK: in the form of a roll; containing the future history of God's people, unfolded in the Revelation. 2. TO OPEN THE BOOK: to reveal what was written therein, and to bring it to pass, to guide the Church in its conflict to the triumphant end. 4. NO MAN: no human being or angel could know or guide the future. It would take Divine wisdom and power. 5. LION: typifying courage, strength, victory. OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH: from whom Jesus sprang. ROOT OF DAVID: shoot from the stock of David. 6. IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE, etc., i.e., between the throne and the living creatures. FOUR BEASTS: living creatures, described in chap. four. They typify either creation or Providence, or, more probably, the great body of Christians, who have the qualities represented by these living creatures. ELDERS: representatives of the churches, leaders. They were twenty-four, as many as the patriarchs of the Old Testament Church, and the apostles for the New, taken together. A LAMB: signifying Christ as the atoning sacrifice. SEVEN HORNS: types of power, seven signifying that the power was omnipotent. SEVEN SPIRITS: the Holy Spirit in His manifold works, sent by Jesus. 8. GOLDEN VIALS: bowls or censers. ODORS: incense, type of prayer, only fragrant to God when, like incense, it is burning in the love of the heart. 10. AND WE SHALL REIGN: or do reign, as in Rev. Ver. Their principles are beginning to rule on earth, and shall yet entirely prevail.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the subject of the two chapters following our last lesson? In what chapter did the visions of St. John begin? Where is the scene of to-day's lesson laid? (chap. 4: 1.)

SUBJECT: WORSHIPPING GOD AND THE LAMB.

I. A SCENE IN HEAVEN (vs. 1-4).—What had John seen in heaven? (chap. 4.) What was in the hand of Him that sat on the throne? What was the form of this book? How was it sealed? What did it represent? What is meant by opening the book? What proclamation was made? Why did John weep?

Meaning of the seven seals? Why was no man worthy to unseal the book? Does the Book of Revelation reveal what was in the book? Was opening the book much more than merely revealing the future?

II. THE ONE TO BE WORSHIPPED (vs. 5-7).—Who came forward to open the book? Why was He worthy? Why is He called "the Lion of the tribe of Judah?" Why "the Root of David?" Why a Lamb? Where was He? What did He do? What is represented by the seven horns? By the seven spirits? What idea of Christ do you obtain from this picture?

III. THE WORSHIPPERS (8, 11, 13).—What three classes joined in the worship? What was the form of the four living creatures? (4: 7, 8. Ezek. 1.) Who are represented by them? By the twenty-four elders? How many angels joined in the new song? (v. 11.) Why? (Luke 15: 7, 10.) Who else joined in the song? (v. 13.) How does creation praise God? What was the difference between their song and that of the redeemed ones?

IV. THE WORSHIP (vs. 8, 9, 10, 12, 14).—What instrument of music did the elders have? For what purpose? What were the golden vials? What reverential position did the elders take? Why? What was the new song? Who can sing it? What would seem to be the number of the redeemed? What had Jesus done for them? What did they wish for Him? (v. 12.) Who took part in responsive service? When is singing well pleasing to God? (Eph. 5: 19, 20.) What do you learn from this scene about true worship?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Heaven has great interest in what takes place on earth.

II. It is a great comfort to know that God knows and controls the future.

III. The four living creatures show the qualities that should be in all Christians, patient toil, wise intelligence, kingly power, far-sighted and swift-winged obedience.

IV. Prayer like incense is sweet fragrance to God when it comes warm from the heart.

V. New mercies demand new songs of praise.

VI. All the universe joins in praising God.

VII. Worship, as here seen, is from the heart, consists of prayer and praise, is joined in by many, is responsive, is in reverential forms, expresses grateful love, is pleasing to God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HER IDEAL HOME.

When Arthur Moreton asked Laura Willis to be his wife, she answered him "Yes," and began to make preparations for their early wedding. Often she paused in the midst of her delightful tasks to say to herself, "Now I shall have a chance to make a home just according to my ideal, and Arthur will be so fond of it. Then followed in her mind the details: pretty, soft easy-chairs, music, books, bright and tasteful draperies, and—oh, yes, of course, flowers and a canary bird, and so on till her castle rose high in the air.

They were married in October, and proceeded at once to furnish their house on Clifton street in an inexpensive but cosy way, and November found them fully settled in their new home.

One stormy evening three months later Mr. Moreton was kept at his office a little longer than usual. When released he hurried to his home, looking to it with a sense of pleasure and pride, just slightly marred by an uneasy feeling of something not exactly comfortable. As he entered and began laying aside his damp hat and overcoat his wife came to meet him with the usual caress, saying:

"I'm glad you've come at last, Arthur. Oh, don't touch me! This dress spots so easily," looking down at the pretty, delicate gown which she had donned, with wifely pride in appearing well in her husband's eyes.

A few months ago he would not have minded, but to-night he wanted to say like any other man, "Why do you wear a dress so easily spoiled?" but he said nothing as he proceeded to hang up his coat and hat.

"Won't they drip on the floor?" asked Mrs. Moreton. "Perhaps you had better take them to the kitchen." So the cold, tired man took the only slightly dampened garments away.

Seated at last in the cheery sitting-room, he stretched his feet to the fire to wait comfortably for his supper. Presently his wife came bustling in from the dining-room.

"Oh, Arthur, you do upset everything so when you come home. I just get neat and tidy and you put the chairs out of place, and kick the rugs up, and throw your traps around everywhere!" All of which, though said in a half-joking manner, jarred unpleasantly upon the husband's thoughts of rest and comfort. "But, come now, tea is ready. I meant to have made you some of the cakes you liked so much, but I wanted the time to finish embroidering the table scarf. You will say it is beautiful, I know."

Somehow, man-like, he didn't feel as much like admiring something ornamental for the centre table as much as he did something more inviting on the table before him, so the meal passed rather silently on his part.

When they were again seated for the evening and the table scarf had been much admired and the work praised, for Arthur Moreton was quick to put down unpleasant thoughts, he said to his wife:

"Laura, won't you play me something lively? I am in the mood for music to-night."

"I would like to. Can't you wait just a minute till I put the rest of these tassels on?"

He waited ten, twenty, thirty minutes, and still seeing no chance of amusement, drew a low chair to him and put his feet across its linen-covered seat.

"How vulgar you do look! Why, I wouldn't have thought it of you, Arthur," laughed Mrs. Moreton; then half reprovingly, "You'll get it all dirty. I can't keep anything nice."

She expected him to laugh at her old maidish ways, as he usually did when thus spoken to. But instead there came a little pucker in his forehead, and presently he arose and said:

"I must go out again, Laura; I have forgotten to see Holman to-day about fixing the piazza. It doesn't storm much yet," and he was gone.

When she had heard the outer door close behind him she laid her head on the table and burst into tears.

"He didn't want to stay, I know. I thought he couldn't help liking his home, I tried so hard and it seemed so pretty to me. What is the matter with it?"

What was the matter with it? Why did not Laura Moreton's home realize Laura Willis' ideal?

First, because everything was too good to be used, and the housewife over particular to the husband's discomfort. Also, because pleasant furnishings were made to receive the time and care due to body and soul of a human being.—*Christian at Work.*

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO PRAY.

It is one of the most pleasant memories I have of my mother, that she taught me while very young to repeat my nightly prayer. I have often heard her relate an incident that occurred before I can remember.

A terrible fire broke out in the city where we lived, and threatened for a while, to destroy the greater part of it. I was awakened by the noise and tumult to find my parents busily packing their household goods, preparatory to a hasty departure from our home. She said I "went to the window, and watched the fire some time, then turning, without a word, knelt beside my little bed, and asked God to help the firemen put out the fire, and not let us be burned or hurt, but to take care of us for Jesus' sake. Then I crept into the bed and in a moment was fast asleep." The tears sprang to her eyes as my little, trusting prayer ascended to the throne on high. Is the prayer of faith ever lost, even of one of His little ones, when asked trustingly and submissively? Never. In this case, the wind was suddenly laid, not another building caught and the fire was soon under control.

I have taught my little one, since she could lisp a word, to kneel every night, and with clasped hands and bowed head, repeat her little prayer. At first, it was only to "bless papa and mamma, sister and brother, and myself, for Jesus' sake," then a line has been added to "help me be a good girl," then "to help me mind papa and mamma," then "to help me be a comfort as long as I live," and when anything has occurred through the day, "Forgive me for being naughty to-day," etc. She never forgets to "pray to God, mamma."

Since she began to ask Him to help her be a good girl, if she is naughty I have only to say, "My darling, didn't you ask God last night to help you be a good girl, and how can he help you if you do so, and do not help yourself?"

She waits a moment in deep thought, then gives up submissively and lovingly, and is my precious "Gift of God" again, and she will be only three next month.

You cannot commence too soon to "train a child in the way he should go," and we have the blessed assurance that "when he is old he will not"—mark that, mothers—"he will not depart from it." For a time he may wander off into forbidden paths, but God knows his own, and in his own good time, he will be gathered into the fold.

I made a sad, sad mistake with my eldest child, who was very courageous and feared nothing. I was afraid some accident would occur, and tried to make her more careful by holding up death as the probable result of her carelessness, and then of being buried up in the ground. Death and the grave have always seemed terrible to her, and I would give much to undo my work. My little one shall profit by my mistake. If it lies within my power to teach her, death shall seem to her but going to live with God and Jesus, who, she knows even now, loves her, and whose names she repeats so reverently and trustingly.

Mothers, teach your little ones to pray. In after years, the remembrance of these prayers will come back like a voice from heaven. Teach them to make all their little wants known to him, to carry all their sorrows and trials to him, and to confess humbly and penitently, all their errors and sins.

Perchance, in after years, when they are standing where two roads meet—one, wide, smooth and pleasant-looking, the other, narrow, rough and lonely—the prayer of their childhood will come back. "God help me to choose the right," and decide once and for all time, the road they are to go.

If they cannot see your hand beckoning down the narrow road, what then? Our children are God's best gift, oh, think of the responsibility that rests upon each of us, an immortal soul entrusted to our care. A question I read one day struck painfully to my heart. It was this: "Mothers, your children have often heard you scold, have they ever heard you pray?"

May each one of us, at the throne of God, be able to say, "We are all, all here."—*Jael Vee in Household.*

SETTING A PRICE ON DISOBEDIENCE.

I heard one of my friends say, recently, to a little three-year-old boy, "Stop picking leaves from that vine," "Stop this minute, or I shall whip you." Another mother remarked in my hearing a few days since, "Stop that crying and take those blocks from the table or I shall whip you." Experience had taught the children what amount of whipping would probably follow. In the obstinate state of mind in which they then were, they looked upon the bargain held out to them as a fair one which they might accept or reject. They accepted the whipping as they were ready to pay for the indulgence. In both cases, the parents complained that their children were disobedient, yet there was nothing of the kind. The parent labored under the impression that he had commanded the child to do something and it had refused. What had been done was to offer the child a bargain, and the child had accepted the offer. The parent expected a refusal and was disappointed. The child recognized that the price was low and closed with the offer.

The correct plan in all cases where obedience is required, is to give the command, pure and simple. Set no price on disobedience. Let the "must" be plain and strong, and then if not heeded proceed to enforce obedience. Let the measures be decided on, however, before beginning to act. As soon as the child is willing to obey stop coercion. Remember the child is not an enemy; the punishment is merely to secure right doing. If before that falls the child is willing to obey, it has become needless.—*American Kindergarten.*

TAKEN DOWN.

Very old people are seldom sentimental. What they have seen of life ordinarily makes them practical, and not inclined to go into ecstasies over every day events. A young man of my acquaintance, writes a correspondent, had this fact impressed upon him in a somewhat mortifying way. He had been the suitor of a charming young lady, and to his keen delight, she had finally consented to become his wife. His exaltation of mind knew no bounds. He talked constantly of what he called his good fortune in a manner far from sensible.

Paying a visit to his aged grandmother, who was a blunt sensible old lady, while this mood was on him, he took her hand in a sentimental way, and after gushing over his good fortune for a few moments until the old lady looked quite bored, he closed his confession by saying,—

"You can't know, grandmother, half of my sweet little girl's worth. She is so gentle and tender and beautiful, and will make our little home the most delightful spot on earth, a perfect little haven of happiness and content."

To this grandma replied, with a twinkle in her eyes,—

"Well, I hope, George, she'll keep her kettles and dishes clean. If there's anything in this world I can't abide, it's a dirty kitchen with untidy things around. Don't expect me to go into any sentiment over her until I have seen how her kitchen looks."

"Her kitchen!" That had found no place thus far in George's poetic dreams and pictures, yet a cheerful kitchen is not an unpoetic thing in domestic life.—*Youth's Companion.*

TABLE MANNERS.

"Yes, he is a fine fellow, but it is surprising, considering the family he belongs to, that he hasn't better table manners." This frank comment concerning a young friend for whom we had been expressing our admiration, set us to wondering why it is that in so many families of genuine refinement, the table manners of children receive so small a share of attention. Many parents seem to forget that the habits formed at the table are likely to follow one through life. The child that at home is allowed to "sup" his soup audibly, to "bolt" his meat and vegetables like a hungry brute, to take a quarter of a slice of bread at a mouthful, sitting meanwhile perhaps either lolling against the chair back or with his elbow on the table, will inevitably mortify himself and his friends when he comes to "dine out."

Sometimes it happens that at breakfast the pressure of business and household cares leads to undue haste on the parent's part, thus giving additional license to the children. The mother's attention is confined to the pouring of coffee, and the father is too impatient to be at his office to take time to serve the steak and potatoes with the gracious mien that distinguishes him when guests are present; and children are quick to note the difference. Children's minds are like sensitized plates, and those about them little realize the ineffacable impressions they are constantly receiving. Happy the child who can find in his own loved home circle pure and lofty ideas exemplified of every-day living!—*Good Housekeeping.*

A PRETTY TOILET STAND.

A pretty toilet stand is made in this way: Take an old four-legged stand (or a dry-goods box will do), and cut a piece of pink cambric to fit the top. Draw this over it tightly and tack around the edge. Cut a piece of the cambric long enough to go around three sides of the stand, and wide enough to reach from the top to the bottom. Draw around plain and tack. Cut a piece of cheese cloth twice the length of the cambric and the same widths, allowing an inch and a half for a hem. Gather the edge opposite the hem, and tack around the edge of the stand. Cut a piece of cheese cloth three inches wide, and a strip of cambric one and a half inches wide. Notch each edge of both these, box plait, or gather through the centre. Fasten together—the pink over the white—and tack around the edge of the stand with bright tacks, and also fasten just above the hem. Mats can be made to correspond, and it is very pretty as well as inexpensive.

EVERY YOUNG MOTHER is an artist—the greatest of all artists. She has not simply a brush with which to paint shadows, or wires to make music, or clay to make an image, but a young living soul to mould into character. This makes motherhood the highest of all offices, and gives it a dignity than which no higher can be held. Do not envy her who sings or declaims in public or writes a book (worthy as these may be). She to whom God gives a child has a higher work than such. Your home may be humble and poor and cost you weary hours and much sacrifice, but in your child you and God are to join hands in building up a noble character.

PUZZLES.

HIDDEN PROVERB.

Take one word from each of the following sentences in order to make a familiar proverb:

It is now over a week since Julia and Amy took a long walk. The story of it is a short one. Julia is an excellent girl. She had been ill for a few days and wanted fresh air. She got more of it than she needed, for soon after they started a violent wind arose.

"I am glad that it is so cool," said she at first. Yet a while after she said: "How very hard it blows! Nobody could enjoy walking on such a day. I hope I will not feel any bad effects from the exertion."

"Oh, no!" replied Amy, when at length they approached their home, "I think that the exercise has done you good."

SQUARE WORD.

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1. A place for baking; 2, A Latin verb signifying "I saw"; 3, an ancient garden; 4, a number.

LETTER PUZZLE.

Form words from these letters:

1. Donn. 2. Reei. 3. Aied. 4. Dahr. 5. Ceell. 6. Peeol. 7. Noccail. 8. Tatrel. 9. Gnaver. 10. Ettfh. 11. Runeist.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

BURIED WORDS.

1. Xenophon; 2, Erie; 3, emanation; 4, lasso; 5, ellin; 6, talnt; 7, tablet; 8, thane; 9, Missouri; 10, omen.

CELEBRATED NAMESAKES.

1. St. John Chrysostom; 2, John of Procida; 3, John of Gaunt; 4, John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy; 5, Don John of Austria, son of Emperor Charles V.; 6 John Knox; 7, John Eliot; 8, John Milton; 9, John Bunyan; 10, John Racine; 11, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; 12, John Howard; 13, Johann Mozart; 14, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe; 15, Sir John Franklin.

The Family Circle.

"FOR THE KING."

A TRUE STORY.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

He slowly came into the pastor's porch
And wiped his dusky brow, and sat him down
Like one who is a-weary, yet content.
He was a very poor and ancient man
Of that unlucky race which, some men say,
Were best swept altogether from the earth.
Then rose the gracious mother of the house,
And made him welcome, and in kindly tone
Said, "You are weary, brother, sit and rest."

Then with a smile that shone in his dark face
Like summer lightning in a dusky cloud,
He said, "I have been working for the King!"

His was a tiny farm—a bit of ground
Rift from the woodland, tilled with his own hand,
And yet the richest corner of the plot
He set aside and planted it with roots,
Asking God's blessing on the kindly soil.

So all the summer long he tended it,
Kept down the weeds and stirred the mellow ground,
Till wind and rain and sun and nightly dew,
Mixed with God's blessing, had done all their part,
And prospered in the thing whereto they worked.
So then he dug the produce from the ground,
He and his aged wife, rejoicing much
Over the bounteous yield; and on his back
He bore it to his pastor's door and said,
"Take this and sell, and give the price to God!
'Tis his. I have been working for the King!"

I think the King will not refuse the gift,
But when at last he in his glory comes
With all his holy angels round his throne,
The Indian brother will receive award
Of "Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou
Hast faithful been in little, therefore now
Enter thou, friend, into thy Lord's great joy,
And in his house be ever with thy King."
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

NOTHING LIKE BEER; A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"I am glad you came," Mrs. Trent said to her friend Mrs. Preston, who had dropped in for an hour's chat. "I have been feeling really worried all day and wanted to talk to somebody."

"Is it possible you have anything to worry you?" Mrs. Preston said, casting her eyes about the handsomely furnished room, and then resting them upon the smooth, white brow of the young wife. "With such a home and husband as yours, one would not imagine there could be even a shadow of a cloud in your sky."

"That shows how mistaken people sometimes are. I am very anxious indeed about Wilbur's health. The doctor says he has dyspepsia, and recommends going abroad and entire rest from business for a year, but Will says he does not see how he can possibly leave the bank. Something must be done though, for he is really miserable. He does not sleep well, has lost his appetite almost entirely, and is quite weak and nervous."

"Oh, these doctors," said Mrs. Preston, with a wise air, "they are so unpractical. As if a person could drop everything and pack off to Europe at a moment's notice."

"Yes, but of course health is before everything. I should wish my husband to do anything that would help him."

"Well, I can tell you of something that will help him and will be much less expensive than that. Your husband needs a tonic and something to aid digestion," Mrs. Preston said in a positive tone, "and there is nothing like beer for that. Dr. Forbes is your physician, is he not? Excuse me, but I believe he is so radical on the subject of temperance that he would scarcely prescribe it if he knew it would save his life. But I know of so many who are taking a little beer every day with the best results. There is my brother who lives in Carleton, he was all run down, growing thin as a shad, and since he has commenced taking beer he has gained twenty pounds."

"Is it possible? But what harm could Dr. Forbes suppose could come to one like my husband from the use of beer?"

"Why, he might suppose, you know, that he would learn to like it too well and go staggering about town."

"The idea! Wilbur Trent! Indeed!" and the wife's lip curled with intense scorn.

"Well, you know these temperance people are terribly fanatical when they get wound up. But if I were you I should persuade my husband to begin on beer at once."

A little more friendly talk and Mrs. Preston went on her way, having accomplished an errand for Satan as effectually as if she had bargained with him to do it. He knew she was just the one to perform this little service for him—a magnetic, positive woman, whose words weighed much in the estimation of her friends. If only there had been a wiser counsellor for this young wife, who would have been faithful friend enough to hint that tobacco, strong coffee, sour bread, and poor cooking generally, was at the root of her husband's dyspepsia—then the end might have been different.

When Mrs. Trent urged her husband to try the remedy Mrs. Preston had recommended, she did not meet with so much opposition as she had expected. He had often thought within himself that a stimulant of some sort was the very thing he had needed and craved, and had occasionally taken a surreptitious glass of beer. He had been brought up with strict temperance principles, however, so, for consistency's sake, he made a faint protest or two to his wife's proposal, but secretly he rejoiced at it. He should quite enjoy the remedy—to bring a cask home, keep it in the cellar and have it made perfectly legitimate and respectable to take a portion regularly, especially as his wife declared, "There can be no possible danger to you, dear, in taking beer for medicine," and he echoed, "Certainly not—for medicine."

Never was more agreeable medicine since the world began. Beginning with a glass a day, it multiplied itself into a little on rising, a little before, a little after meals, a little before retiring, and on warm days a little between meals to keep up the strength, even though it necessitated a walk in the hot sun to procure it. Mr. Trent certainly seemed to be improving in strength and flesh, so that by the time a few years had passed not a bone protruded itself to mar the rotundity of his frame, his cheeks were puffed out, his hands were cushiony, and his portly form grew portlier every day. If his wife sometimes had a faint tinge of regret in that the slender, graceful young man she married was changing into a clumsy person of enormous dimensions; that the refined, intellectual cast of face was positively gone; that the clear eyes had become bloodshot and the nose was swollen and ruby-tinted—she loyally thrust such regrets aside and reflected that health was much more to be valued than an attractive appearance. True, a misgiving occasionally crossed her mind as to whether this was the highest state of health, when she remembered that her "Will" had formerly possessed a fine temper, even and sweet; but now he was fitful, sometimes boisterously gay, sometimes rough and irritable, and then plunged into depths of sullen moodiness.

About this time an uncle of Mr. Trent's paid them a short visit. The Rev. Mr. Wayland was a tall, scholarly-looking man with an appearance of extreme delicacy. The two had not met for years, and the nephew felt almost shocked as he looked into his uncle's pale, thin face, noticing that he could almost count the blue veins on his temple.

"You are not well, uncle John, I fear," he said.

"Oh yes, I am in usual health, never very strong, but able to take care of my parish. How is this, though, my dear Wilbur. I thought you bade fair to be as slender a man as myself, and here I find you a large, heavy one."

And then Wilbur entered into a recital of his ill-health and the sovereign remedy that had snatched him from the very jaws of death.

"Why, I was a genuine old rack-a-bones, uncle John," he declared. "I was so thin a north wind would blow me away when I commenced using beer, and now look at me—can't count the bones any more. I dare say you have a touch of dyspepsia, too, haven't you? Well, there's nothing like beer for it. Stay with us a while and I'll cure you up. When the digestive organs are poor, beer gives them just the boost, you know, that they need. Why, uncle John, if you take a glass of beer and drop an oyster, say, into it, it will dissolve in a short time; that is a proof, you see, of what I have been saying."

"And you are perfectly well now," said uncle John, "never have any bad feelings whatever?"

"Oh no, I can't say that, nobody is perfectly well, you know. I have considerable headache, and sometimes little attacks of heart trouble, but I weigh nearly two hundred, and my weight used to be only one hundred and twenty-five, just think of the difference. It will build you right up, uncle; have a glass now, won't you? There's nothing like it to freshen one up after a journey."

"*Not any*, thank you, Wilbur. I have a parishioner who is very much engaged in fattening hogs for the market, but I have no disposition to enter into the lists with them, I assure you. If beer will add so much more to this already clogging, hindering body, I want none of it. The more flesh, the more one has to carry about, don't you see?"

Just at this point the two men made a rapid mental diagnosis of each other's case.

"Poor Wilbur! It is plain to be seen he is on the high road to ruin, and he is perfectly blind. Who would ever suppose the handsome, clear-eyed young fellow I saw last could change like this. I must see what I can do to save him." This, with a sigh, was the uncle's, while the nephew's was after this sort:

"Poor uncle John! If he hasn't turned into one of those dried-up old fanatics! Now I suppose he won't give me any peace of my life, lecturing on beer every blessed minute he stays. If he would only take to it himself, he wouldn't look quite so much like a bundle of bones, as he does."

The visit was not very satisfactory on either side, for uncle John could not leave his dearly-loved nephew without faithful warnings, earnestly pleading with him for the sake of his family and his own soul to break loose from the fatal snare. But it was without avail. A stone wall could not have been more blind and deaf, or stronger, in fancied security.

"I am really astonished, uncle John," he exclaimed with a burst of indignation, "that you should think so meanly of me as to fear that I should ever become a common drunkard."

That was just ten years ago. Wilbur Trent is not "a common drunkard," he is an uncommon one! The beer that he declared had power to dissolve food, had even greater solvent properties than he imagined. It has absolutely dissolved all he possessed! He was an honored and trusted bank officer, but through his own mismanagement, due to a beclouded brain, the bank failed. His beautiful home went to creditors. He has deserted his family, and is a broken-down, prematurely old man, wandering about the world picking up a living as best he can, while his wife, a sad-hearted woman, mourns her early folly with the bitterness of death.

Uncle John, too, still lives, despite many protruding bones and a blue veined forehead. His hair is becoming silvered, but "his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated," for he is yet doing vigorous work for the Master in the large church of which he is pastor.—*Alliance News.*

HEART PICTURES.

A BOOK THAT COULD PREACH.

A Chinese missionary, speaking of a visit to the Hui-an churches, says of one place: My stay amongst these Christians was most delightful, they were so warm-hearted and in earnest. It was pleasant to see how shy and modest the young sailors were, and yet so frank when addressed. There was a breezy heartiness about the older men that made me continually inclined to shake hands with them; but, unfortunately, the Chinese don't indulge in this Western habit. One man I was particularly drawn to. He was a fine specimen of the old sailor. Although he had battled with many a breeze, he was still a hale and hearty man. He would have made a splendid boatswain as far as voice and physique were concerned. Christ was to him a real living personage. His face absolutely beamed with pleasure as we spoke about Him and of how he had been led to believe. As he could not read, he carried about constantly with him a book entitled "Heart Pictures." He had it tied by a string to a button on his coat, so that he could refer to it whenever he liked. The pictures represented the state of the heart when unconverted, and when changed by the Spirit of God. At first it is shown filled with the images of devils and evil beasts. As the Holy Spirit works on it, these gradually disappear, till, in the last picture, only Christ is seen reigning over it. He had been with me but a few minutes when he took out his well-thumbed book from his bosom, and turning over the leaves with his great, rough hand, he pointed to the first picture and said to me: "That is an exact image of what I was before Christ found me," and he then stood for some time gazing on it with a solemn look, as though recalling the past. Soon a smile came back to his face, and, hastily turning over the leaves till he came to the last one, he pointed to it with great glee, and exclaimed: "But that is what my heart is like now. This book," he continued, "has been very useful to me in my discussion with the heathen. You know I cannot read, and so I should be at a loss when I meet those that can. With this book, however, I am a match for the very best of them. If a man disputes the truth of what I say I simply whip out this book, and showing the first picture, say: Just look at that. It is an exact representation of your heart. He can say nothing in reply, for he knows it is the truth. I then show him how he may have it changed, as mine has been."

HOW CHILDREN MAY HELP MISSIONS.

On coming back from India in 1875 I met a young woman who gave me such a hearty welcome home, saying: "I have prayed for you every day since you left America." The promise of the child to pray for me every day till I came back was faithfully kept, and it was such a comfort to me when far away. She had been well taught and she has but to follow the inspiriting example of father and mother to become a devoted and faithful friend of all missionary work, at home or abroad. Let every parent teach his child to pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom in pagan lands. The dear children may help on the missionary work by their prayers.

In 1864, as I was making my earliest tour of the New England churches before sailing for India, the first appointment brought me to a Rhode Island village and the very first money of the hundreds of dollars that were contributed during those few weeks for the work in India came from the little hand of a minister's boy. Twenty-two years have gone by but I have not forgotten those pennies nor the face of that boy who brought them. He is now the esteemed and successful pastor of a city church in New England, and we all count him one of the staunchest friends of the missionary enterprise. It pays to teach children to give for the heathen, and if they prayed more and gave more the outlook for the next generation would be brighter, both in America and India. The prayers and pennies should go together. A boy once had what he called God's Bank in his room, and into it the pennies that other children used for candy and worse things used to fall. From it came handsome sums for helping on Gospel work in pagan lands.

Hear the pennies dropping, listen as they fall—
Every one for Jesus; he will get them all;

Dropping, dropping ever, from each little hand;
'Tis our gift to Jesus, from his little band.

Now, while we are little, pennies are our store;
But, when we are older, Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money, we can give him love,
He will own our offering, smiling from above.
—*Dr. J. L. Phillips.*

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Cosmos* says that if there be cut out of black paper two similar figures, two crosses for example, and placed, their extremities almost touching at about three inches from the eyes, before a sheet of white paper, there will be seen three crosses, the middle one being dark and completely separate. This phenomenon is explained by the simultaneous vision of the two eyes, and it is easy to show this by looking at the object successively with one eye. The experiment becomes still more interesting when, instead of black figures, we employ complementary colors—red and green, for example. In this case we must use a dark background, and there will appear a white cross in the middle.

ST. POLYCARP.

Polycarp was born toward the latter part of the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, and probably at Smyrna, a city of Ionia in Asia Minor, which boasted to be the chief and most splendid city of the Roman province of Asia, both for beauty and size. In his early youth he is said to have been educated and supported by a pious woman named Callisto, and we have very good authority for saying that he was taught by the holy Apostle St. John, and that he had the privilege of conversing with many who had seen our Lord in the flesh.

The name of the Bishop of Smyrna, when Polycarp grew up, was Bucolus. By him Polycarp was admitted into holy orders, being ordained deacon and catechist, or teacher of the Church. Bucolus, we read, had always predicted that Polycarp would succeed him in his office, and so it turned out, for at his death Polycarp was appointed by St. John to be the Bishop to succeed him.

A dispute arose very early in the history of the Church whether the great festival of Easter should be kept always on the Lord's day, and thus on varying days of the month or whether it should follow the computation of the Jewish Feast of the Passover, and thus fall always on the fourteenth day of the month, but not always on the same day of the week. It was the sense of the great importance of the matter which led Polycarp to leave his beloved flock at Smyrna and to undertake a long journey to Rome to confer with the Bishop there about this subject. Polycarp favored the day of the month calculation, which he said he had learned from St. John, while the Roman Church, which was now beginning to be an important part of the Christian world, favored the arrangement for the first day of the week. Anicetus was Bishop of Rome at that time. He received Polycarp affectionately, and they had many conferences about the disputed point. Neither would yield their opinion, but they both agreed that the essence of Christianity did not consist in these things, but in the devotion of the heart to their common Lord and in true love of the brethren.

Among the most dangerous and mischievous of these false teachers was Marcion, who had propounded doctrines utterly subversive of Christian truth. This man one day meeting Polycarp in the street, and not receiving from him the greeting which he had expected, called out "Polycarp, own us!" Upon which Polycarp immediately answered, "I own thee indeed as the first-born of Satan."

This is recorded by Irenæus, who knew Polycarp in his latter days, and speaks with the greatest admiration of his fervent zeal for the truth. He also tells us of an anecdote which Polycarp was wont to relate of the Apostle St. John. St. John had one day gone to a bath in Ephesus, but when he entered he saw in the bath Cerinthus, another of the chief leaders of the Gnostic heresy. Upon seeing him he immediately hastened out of the bath, exclaiming, "Let us fly, lest the bath should fall on us!" For what guilt could be greater than that of those who poisoned, by their admixture of "knowledge falsely so-called," the holy truth which our Lord and His Apostles had preached to the world.

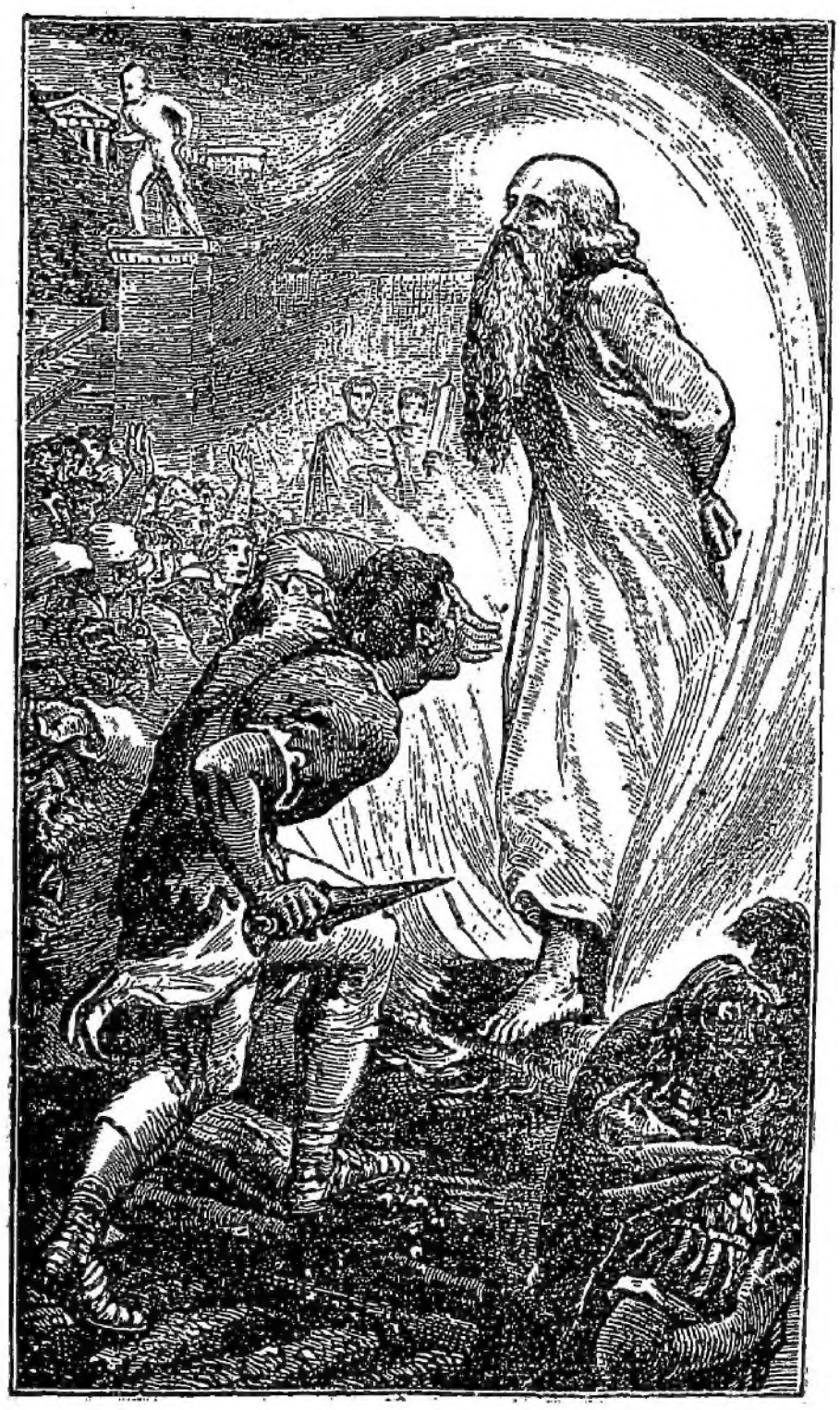
But it was now the will of Him whom Polycarp served with his whole heart, that the Bishop of Smyrna, who had so long guided his flock by warning and oral teaching, should give, by example, a still more glorious witness to the truth.

In the reign of M. Antoninus and L. Verus, Emperors of Rome, a severe persecution against the Christians began, and informers were encouraged by large bribes to denounce them, that they might be seized upon. This persecution increased still more when Antoninus, intending to make an expedition against a warlike people, called together the heathen priests at Rome to celebrate solemn sacrifices to their gods to procure success for his expedition. The priests took occasion to assure the Emperor that the most acceptable offering he could make to the gods would be the complete destruction of the Christians, who everywhere despised their worship. The Emperor gave orders that it should be as they desired, and throughout his vast dominions the Christians were seized and brought to execution. At Smyrna, according as St. John had predicted, the persecution was severely felt.

Polycarp had at first resolved to remain quietly at his post in expectation of martyrdom, but many of his flock urging him for their sakes to conceal himself, and reminding him of our Lord's words, that when His followers were persecuted in one city they should flee into another he was prevailed upon to withdraw himself. Retiring to a neighboring village with a few companions, he continued day and night in prayer for the Church and for those who were called upon to suffer. In the meantime, he was carefully sought for everywhere and his friends persuaded him to retire to another village. Some suspicions as to the place of his concealment having reached the soldiers, they seized upon two youths, and having by stripes forced them to confess that they knew where he was, they compelled them to guide them to his place of concealment.

They came to the house when he was in bed at night, and he made no attempt to escape, saying, "The will of the Lord be done." When he heard that his persecutors were in the house, he came down to them with a cheerful countenance, and they were struck with the sight of this venerable man of so great age readily and even with smiles giving himself into their hands. He was then set upon an ass and conducted into the city. Upon his way he was met by one of the chief magistrates of the country, who making him come up into his chariot with him did all he could, by crafty and smooth speeches, to make Polycarp consent to use a heathen prayer, and so to escape the danger which threatened him. But as Polycarp steadfastly refused to do this, the pretended kindness of the magistrate gave place to violence, and the aged Polycarp was rudely thrust out of the chariot so as to injure his thigh by the fall. Undisturbed by this, he hastened on as well as he was able to the place of execution, and appeared before the public tribunal, a great shout being raised by the mob in triumph that the head of the Christians was at length apprehended. The Proconsul, or Governor, seeing the aged man brought before him, asked if he were Polycarp. This being at once acknowledged, he then said: "Have some respect for your great age; swear by the genius of the Emperor. Repent, say 'Away with the impious.'"

Upon this Polycarp, looking round him with a severe countenance, and remembering the savage shouts with which these people had applauded the shedding of Christian blood, called out in a loud voice these words, but in a different sense, "Away with the impious." Then the Proconsul again bade him to swear by the heathen gods and to blaspheme Christ. The Saint replied: "Fourscore and six years have I served him, and never did He any harm to me; how, then, shall I now blaspheme my King and Saviour?" "Swear," cried the Proconsul, "by the genius of the Emperor." Polycarp answered; "Since you are so vainly anxious that I should swear by the Emperor's genius, as you call it, as if you knew not who I am, hear my free confession. I am a Christian. If you would learn the Christian faith, appoint me a time and I will instruct you in it." The Proconsul advised him to try to persuade the people.



He answered: "To you I rather choose to address my words, for we are commanded by the laws of our religion to give to princes and powers ordained of God all honor and reverence that is not against religion. For the people, I think them not fit judges to whom I should give an account of my faith."

The Proconsul now tried what threats would do. "I have wild beasts at hand," said he, "to whom I will cast thee unless thou repentest." "Call them," exclaimed the martyr, "for to us repentance from better to worse is impossible. It is good only to change from the bad to the good."

The boldness and eagerness of the martyr struck the Governor with amazement. He sent a herald into the midst of the throng to proclaim, "Polycarp hath confessed himself to be a Christian," upon which the mob, composed of heathens and Jews, shouted aloud, "This is he that is the teacher of impiety; this is the father of the Christians." Then they shouted that he should be burned. The Governor not opposing this, the savage mob quickly brought together faggots from the work-shops and baths near at hand. A pile was soon raised, and the venerable Bishop, casting aside his garments with all eagerness, mounted upon it. But as the fire spread around him, it seemed not to touch his body but to envelop him like a sail inflated by the wind, while to the brethren, who with excited devotion mingled among the crowd, there seemed to come a sweet perfume from his body. He was then pierced with a sword, and again there seemed to come forth such a vast amount of blood from his body as to quench the flames, while some thought that they saw a dove fly forth and wing its way to heaven, which they held to be the soul of the martyr. The Jews eagerly pressed upon the Governor to cause the body to be burned to ashes, and not to allow the Christians to have it for burial, lest, as they said, they should leave Christ and worship Polycarp. Polycarp is said to have reached the age of one hundred years when he suffered, and his martyrdom is held to have taken place in the year 167 A.D.—*The Dawn of Day.*

A TRUE DAUGHTER.

The *Advocate and Guardian* takes a long story from the *Youth's Companion*, and sums it up beautifully, thus:

An intelligent girl of our acquaintance half wished, not long since, when she came home from the boarding school in which she had been well trained in all the "ologies," that she did not know the English language any better than her parents.

"If he hain't got nothin' of his own," were the words she heard. How they jarred upon her ear! They made her hot and cold at once. Had her father's language always been as bad as this? Of course it must have been, only she did not notice it before those years at boarding-school, during which she had made friends with the Queen's English. "If he hain't got nothin' of his own," her father was saying, with reference to a young man who aspired to be his son-in-law.

"He has at least a good education," Margaret suggested, with some spirit.

"Yes, yes; but eddication ain't all. I've known college-learnt men that had hard pullin' to get their bread and butter. But ef you like him, Peggy, why, I hain't worked all my life without gettin' somethin' ahead to help you along ef a pinch comes."

Margaret's heart reproached her then. She looked at the two true-hearted old people who were her parents, and who sat there before her. Yes, that was what they had been doing all their lives. They might have read and have given time and have become more intelligent—only they had chosen this other thing, chosen to work for her, that she might have what they had lacked in their young days; that she might be well taught, and wear soft raiment, and keep her hands white and shapely!

And she—she who had never sacrificed one thing for anybody; who had grown like a fruitless flower in the warm sunshine—she, indeed, had been impatient with their verbs, and scornful of their double negatives, and secretly ashamed of them before her school-fellows!

Something seemed to choke her at the thought, and with moistened eyes she went up to them and tenderly kissed first one and then the other, and said, gently:

"It shall be as you say, father. If you think Harry and I ought not to marry without more money we will wait. It shall be just as you wish."

"No, I don't want that," he replied. "I guess you'll have your way now; you pretty much always have; but you're a good girl, Peggy, and I'm willin' to please you."

And so he was; and it is right that parents should make life larger and better for the children God has given them; but O, the pity of it when to grow in knowledge must be to grow away from home!

Emma goes to school, but dislikes it very much. A lady friend of the family questioned her on the subject. "Emma, what do you do in school? Do you learn to read?"

Emma shakes her head.

"Do you learn to write!"

Another shake.

"Then what do you do?"

"I wait for it to be out."

THE ROAR OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"There it comes!" said Alice, clapping her hands, looking off from the piazza that fringed the big beach hotel.

Yes, the roar that so fascinated Alice Barton was steadily crashing down the white line of the beach. A wide area of glistening sand had been laid bare to the sun by the withdrawing tide, and the wonderful "roar" had retreated also, hushing to a soft, musical monotone this mild day by the sea. The tide though finally turned. The wind stiffened. Like the loud tramping of many impetuous feet, like the stormy voices of the clamorous mob, came the great flood out of the heart of the strange, deep sea.

"There it comes, Juno!" said Alice, again calling to it the attention of her servant companion, the big, majestic Juno. Her rainbow turban was in vivid contrast with her dark face, and rested like a crown on the stately figure of the woman.

"La, chile! I sees it!" said Juno.

"And you hear it, Juno?"

"Hears dat, chile? You don' spose I'm deaf! Can' hear nuffin but dat. Dat am a big sea!"

"I can shut it out with my hands," asserted Alice, covering her eyes with two plump little hands like the leaves of the violet trying to shut down upon its blue blossoms.

"De idea, chile! Tryin' to cubber up what yer Hebbenly Fader made, dat great sea!"

"You don't know what mamma said about it, this morning, Juno," said Alice, anxious in some way to confuse by her superior knowledge this great Juno.

"Of course, I couldn't guess that, honey. What was it?"

"I heard her reading it out of her Bible, this morning, and this is what she said, Juno, cos, cos, I heard her; who—he—who—hath—"

Alice's powers of speech could not climb the next word, and Queen Juno was secretly pleased. She carried her head more proudly than ever.

"Who—he—who—" Alice was stammering again, unequal to that next word, "measure."

"Skip dat word, chile, an' take the nex' word."

"'The waters in the hollow of His hand.' There!" she added, triumphantly.

But what was the matter now with Queen Juno? Her lofty turban was suddenly humbled. All the rainbow colors in it, all the brilliant shades of hollyhocks, poppies and tiger-lilies, were hanging low in an abrupt grief.

It was Juno that now covered her face with her hands.

"What is the matter, Juno? Don't cry! Take your hands down, Juno! Don't cry!" pleaded and commanded the child.

Juno though was stormily swaying backward and forward, refusing to be pacified.

"In de holler ob His hand, and wouldn' hide away!" she moaned.

A word, a touch, a look may be the agency unsealing the soul's deep fountains of feeling, and the words of Alice had been the occasion of Juno's tumult. As Alice spoke, Juno's thoughts had gone far away to a Southern campmeeting and there she had been urged to "hide away in de holler ob God's hand."

"Dose were de words!" sobbed Juno, as her sensitive imagination transported her to the distant "camp," to its weird, solemn atmosphere, its invitations and its warnings. In this strange, abrupt fashion had the past come again before her. Alice could not pacify Juno, and she softly stole away from the place. As she went she directed her wondering eyes of blue towards the mysteriously agitated Juno.

"I will go to see the big Roar," she said, and strayed out upon the beach. She came back to dinner, but she rather avoided Juno, whose passionate mood puzzled her.

The latter part of the afternoon, Alice's mother missed her.

"Where is Alice?" Mrs. Barton asked Juno.

"She were here, missus, but she am gwine now. Somehow, she is giben to gwin' off to-day. She seems to keep away from me."

"Well, do look her up, Juno! Do look her up! Mercy!"

In a very few minutes, she heard a commotion down on the piazza. She caught Juno's voice above the others. "Yer see dat child, off on dose san's! Dar she am! Look at it!" Juno was pointing out her discovery to several boarders, and Mrs. Barton flew down from her eyrie, to see what had happened.

"De chile, de chile! Dar she am? I mus' go for her," screamed Juno and flew down the piazza steps. Out on a tongue of land, uncovered by one tide and then bordered with deepening water again, stood a child. It was Alice. The sea cry which had so fascinated her had tempted her out upon the beach, and as it enlarged with the ebbing tide, she had trotted after it, delighted to notice how far she could follow it. She had reached this tongue of sand that the tide uncovered and now intended to cover again. Alice did not at first notice the return of the water. She was absorbed in her discovery of a beautiful shell and then of a "five-fingered Jack," and at last improved her opportunity to "make a fort" farther out to sea than she had ever gone before. All the while, the roar of the sea went steadily on, throwing the spell of its wonder over the sensitive child nature.

"Most time to go back," she finally said, but which way? The tide had now insolated this sand-pit, and as if aware that Alice had thrown up very menacing fortifications, was angrily hastening to bury them. Did anybody know that a little girl could not get back? Did God know? thought Alice lifting to the sky eyes that were of as rare a blue. Did Juno know, or anybody at the hotel? Yes, Alice could see a stir at the door, a confused rushing out of people. And was not that tall, big woman Juno flying over the sands and rushing into the very surf?

"She must not go that way," shouted Ezra Robbins, an old bronze-faced fisherman who helped furnish the hotel table with attractions and whose battered cart was then halting before the door. "She must go furder round. An under tow there."

As if to show Juno the safer way, Ezra's clumsy boots were quickly making their big imprint in the sand. Juno though was heedless of under tow or over tow. She only saw two pleading little arms held out to her, and she soon folded the child to a confiding rest on her bosom. Then she splashed through the white boiling surf again.

"Go furder round," Ezra was shouting, but Juno did not heed him, and she did not understand his furious angular gestures. She forced her way through the breakers and brought her charge safely ashore.

That night Alice was trying to fall asleep. The window of her little room was open towards the west and the last of the sunshine was flushing the sea till its glory was that of the marvelous Sea of Glass before the throne in the rapt Apocalypse. Suddenly she heard a soft step. It did not come at all as a discord in the midst of that beautiful monotone of the sea hushing Alice.

"That you, Juno?"

"Dat am me, honey. Pears I must tell you what is on my mind."

"Oh, Juno, you hear me say my prayers?"

"Yes, a minit. Dat's what I come fur partly. You know what you say 'bout de holler ob His han'?"

"Yes, Juno."

"Out in de surf I fought of it, an' I jes' want to say, yer ole Juno is a-gwine to creep into dat holler, and we will do it now."

There were two souls as they said, "Our Father," creeping into the hollow of the Heavenly Hand, and their voices blended softly with the sound of the great sea.

And he who carries the latter, did he not have room for the former?—*Morning Star.*

INTERIOR OF CHILCAT MEDICINE MAN'S HOUSE. *(See first page.)*

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

BY CARRIE W. TITCOMB.

It was a Wednesday night, and the church bell ringing. Lena Lovepeace stood before the little mirror in bonnet and wraps stretching her arms and twisting her neck in a helpless endeavor to cross the ends of her brown tissue veil behind her head. Just then the sitting-room door opened, and Levi Lovepeace walked in and set down his coal hod with a sudden and unnecessary slam of its iron bale.

"I do wish, Lena, that you could forget Wednesday night for once in your life. Why need you be forever going to that prayer-meeting? Why can't you be content to be a reasonable sort of Christian like your neighbors?"

A little mannish bang of the door and off he marched down to the basement once more, waiting not a moment for a reply for he wanted none.

Lena dropped her arms and looked at the face in the glass which the brown tissue veil, slipping down, revealed. A sad, questioning look the sweet face gave her, until she resolutely whispered, "I will," and then the answering face gave back a sudden smile. Bonnet and cloak were swiftly removed and laid in their places, and when Levi Lovepeace came in five minutes later, his little wife, with a placid face, sat by the table sewing as deliberately as if it had been Thursday instead of Wednesday night.

CHILCAT MOTHER SEWING, WITH BABE AGAINST THE WALL.

The husband stopped in surprise as he opened the door, but quickly recovering himself, said nothing, and walking to the open grate, stood briskly rubbing his hands, meanwhile trying his best to think of something suitable to say—some simple remark appropriate to the occasion, you know, to make it seem as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to be sitting there with him that beautiful Wednesday evening oblivious to the "come, come, come, come" of the church bell.

"Allan thinks it's going to snow to-morrow," said he at length.

Something simple and appropriate enough, I am sure, but when his wife looked up and said sweetly, "Does he, dear?" what made Levi Lovepeace mentally denominate himself a fool? He drew up the rocker, and sat down to his evening paper. The news was dry. He turned from market prices to telegraphic despatch and advertisements uneasily. Lena's steady hand came and went with exasperating regularity, as her needle and thread flew on their mission. Five minutes passed, and he could stand it no longer, but looking up, exclaimed:

"Why don't you go to meeting, Lena?"

"Because I love you, Levi."

"What a reason!" and the man returned to his paper, and the woman to her sewing, while the clock solemnly ticked off another five minutes.

"Lena, will you go to meeting now, if I'll go with you?"

"Oh yes, indeed! Will you go?" with a quick, glad smile.

"Yes. On with your things as fast as you can."

He threw down his paper, and slipped into his overcoat and gloves, and then stood waiting to cross the ends of the brown tissue veil. Then quickly they passed down the doorsteps together.

The meeting was half through when Lena Lovepeace and her husband walked into the little prayer-room.

"Humph!" thought Mrs. Smartweed. "I'd be ashamed if I were Lena Lovepeace, I'd stay away if I couldn't get anywhere till afterwards."

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God for me:"

the worshippers were singing as Mr. and Mrs. Lovepeace entered and quietly took the nearest seat. On the blackboard before them in bold, white letters was announced the subject of the evening: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

The hymn closed, and a moment's silence followed, when Levi Lovepeace sprang with a jerk to his feet. Just what he said, neither he nor his wife could afterwards tell, but he was not long in making his astonished audience understand that he it was who had made his wife late to meeting, and he it was who had been for months fighting against prayer, and fighting against God, with all his might; but the love of Christ shown through his wife had been too much for him, he could stand it no longer; would they pray for him, a sinner?

Oh, the glad, earnest, pleading prayers that hastened and flew upward to the throne of grace, while Lena Lovepeace bowed her head beside that of her husband, and with him wept. And the Lord hearkened and heard, and there was joy among the angels, that night, over one sinner that repented.

Years have come and gone, and Levi Lovepeace now thanks the Lord most heartily that his wife was not a "reasonable sort of Christian" like so many other women. "But for my wife," says he, "I never should have known the happiness I find in my work as a minister of the gospel of peace."—*Sel.*

THERE IS NOTHING wrong in a Catholic clergyman declaring himself a prohibitionist. There is nothing that conflicts with any principle of my creed in announcing that I am a prohibitionist, and, as far as regards the suppression of the liquor traffic ultimately, I am an out-and-out prohibitionist; that is, I am in favor of rooting out and destroying the traffic as it exists and abounds in our country to-day, as soon as that becomes possible. In other words, I am in favor of killing the monster as soon as we possibly can, but if I find it impossible to kill him to-night, I will begin by starving him to death and killing him to-morrow if I can.—*Rev. Father Cleary, President Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.*

I WILL KNOCK AGAIN.

It was a bitterly cold day, with a cutting north-east wind and a sharp frost; and these were very keen on the high, bare downs, over which poor Richard was slowly and laboriously making his way. With a threadbare coat upon his back, and a pair of way-worn shoes on his feet, he bore up, as manfully as he might, against the breeze.

Of itinerant vendors of good things, poor Richard was one of the least obtrusive, and the most simple. Rarely did he venture beyond the meek inquiry, "Any good oranges to-day, ma'am? Any good nuts to-day?" A single "No" generally decided the question for him at once. On this day, from various causes, there was no demand for oranges and nuts. In vain did poor Richard trudge from one door to another; in vain did he ask, in his most persuasive tone, "Any good oranges to-day? Any good nuts?"

Poor Richard! at every fresh refusal his countenance fell, and his steps became more faltering, his knocks more timid. In all his weary progress he had met with but one customer, "and now there is but one more chance left for me," he thought to himself, as he drew near to the house of Mr. Graham.

Thus hoping, the poor shivering orange-seller opened the little garden-gate, walked slowly up the path, and lifted the knocker of the door. It was a feeble, hesitating sort of knock he gave, but it roused Mr. Graham. "I may as well answer it myself," thought he; "they cannot have heard that little knock in the kitchen." He forthwith proceeded to the door, and opened it.

"Any good oranges to-day, sir? Any good nuts?" said Richard, with a hopeful gleam on his simple features.

"None to-day, my good man; none to-day."

Poor lame Richard! his hopes died away as the door was thus shut on him. There was no help for it, he must travel another long mile before he could find another chance of disposing of his basket-load, and he was both tired and hungry, to say nothing of cold; or he must return homewards with only a single penny in the world, for all his capital was invested in the basket and the bag. He heaved a heartfelt sigh, and slowly, very slowly, lifted his basket upon his back; and slowly, very slowly, retraced his steps to the little garden gate.

So slow were his movements, that the curiosity of Mr. Graham was excited. "Why does not the man go?" he muttered; and from his easy chair by the fireside he looked out at the window. By this time Richard had reached the gate, and there he stopped, unconscious of being watched. There was something like a struggle in his mind: this was easy to be seen, for the watcher observed it in his face. His lips quivered; the muscles of his mouth involuntarily moved. He looked back at the door from which he had been repulsed, and a sort of desperate determination settled upon his countenance. Quitting his hold of the gate, which until now he had been swinging to and fro, and apparently spurred on by some strong impulse, he hastily stepped back to the door, and raising the knocker, brought it down with such force as almost to startle Mr. Graham.

"What's come to the man?" thought he, once more rising from his seat; "he means to take the house by storm." "I told you," he said, when he had again opened the door, "that I should not buy any to-day."

"Sir," replied poor Richard, "I hope you will forgive me. It was very bold to come back, but"—and his hands and his lips trembled with emotion—"but I can't sell my oranges, and they are very good ones, and I have come a good many miles, and I have called at every house in the place, and I have only taken a penny. If you please, sir, do, do buy a few of me, for I am hungry and this penny," showing it, "is all I have got in the world, it is indeed. Look, sir," he continued, taking up one of his oranges, "they are very good ones, they are indeed."

And poor Richard succeeded.

And Mr. Graham learned a lesson from poor Richard, worth far more than the money the oranges and nuts had cost. He thankfully received the teaching, and re-entered his parlor a different man.

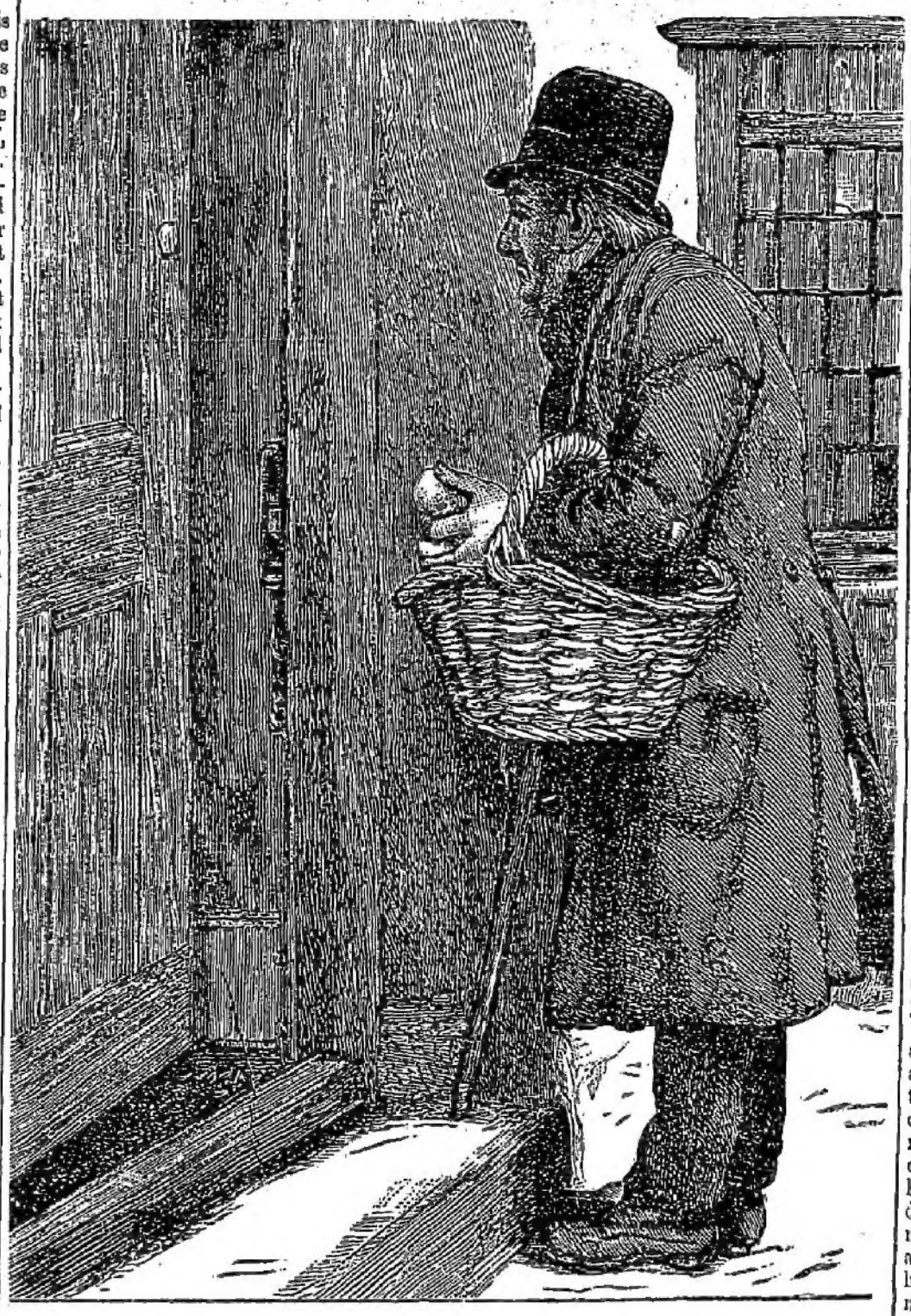
"I will knock again, and again, and again," said he. "Faithless that I was to think myself rebuffed and rebuked, and repulsed, and frowned upon because my prayer has not been immediately answered. Paul besought the Lord thrice, that his thorn in the flesh might be removed; and why should I claim that mine should be removed for once asking? I have been proud, wayward, independent, and I must humble myself, retrace my steps, knock again, knock more earnestly, and plead more fervently. God, help me!"

And he did knock again.

Christian reader, do you ever pray and fancy that your petitions are unheeded? Then pray again.

Guilt-burdened sinner, have you ever knocked at the door of God's mercy and found no relief. Then knock again.

Let all knock at the door of mercy and of pity. Is not God more tender and loving than man? Has He not proved His kindness, not only in the multitude of His benevolent gifts to men, but above all in this: "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"



IN VAIN DID POOR RICHARD TRUDGE FROM ONE DOOR TO ANOTHER.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—*Friendly Greetings.*

THE POWER OF A KISS.

A. D. WALKER.

There was in our city, a few years ago, one of the hardest cases I have ever met in the form of a woman. She would drink at morning, noon, and night, and drink made her like an infuriated beast. Why, I have seen her led along by two policemen, one not daring alone to lay hands upon her. She wholly lost her self-respect, and was the most degraded object that could be met anywhere.

After the temperance society was organized, one good lady said to another: "I am going to call on poor Mrs. W——, and see if I can do her any good."

"Do not go! I beg you will not!" said the other, frightened at the thought.

"And why not, pray!"

"The reasons for not going are strong. She will not heed you, or if she does she will kick you down the stairs. She is a perfect brute when in liquor, and my advice is to stay away from her; and you will do well if you listen to my warning."

"I must go to see her, and try to aid her," answered the benevolent woman, whose mind was fully made up on the subject.

And go she did, intent on doing good. She reached the place, and mounted the rickety stairs that led to her miserable room, groped her way to the door, and peeped cautiously in; and in the far corner of the room she saw what seemed to be a great bundle of rags. Going over to the spot she found it was the poor wretch she was seeking, and she laid her hand upon the inebriate's shoulder without speaking a word.

The fallen woman raised her face, and, oh! what a face it was, bloated, scarred, red, and vicious!

The benevolent woman silently leaned over and kissed that truly repulsive face, still without speaking.

"What did you do that for? What did you do that for?" eagerly questioned the poor creature.

"Because I love you and want you to do better."

Heeding not the answer, the drunkard rocked back and forth, still repeating the question: "What did you do that for? I have never had a kiss like that since I was a child—a pure little girl, not a vile drunkard. Oh! what did you do that for?" and she broke into sobs, uncontrollable sobs.

The good Samaritan assisted her to rise, helped her down the stairs, and led her to her own house, where she was decently clad, and when evening came she willingly went with her benefactor to a religious meeting, a meeting where the poor outcast was welcome. The good minister who led the meeting was pastor over a church situated in a locality where vice grew like weeds, and he labored willingly as a missionary among the poor and degraded, feeling that such was his Master's work for him.

After service it was his wont to ask any who felt their need to stand up for prayers, and on the evening above referred to he followed his usual custom, and up before his view arose the drunkard, Mrs. W——.

"Ah!" thought he, "now here is trouble; there will be a row raised;" for well he knew the vileness and strength of the fallen woman.

"What do you wish, madam?" he politely asked, hoping to quell her rage.

"I wish—to—be—prayed for," she stammered.

"What do you wish?" repeated the pastor, not believing his senses.

"I want—to—be—prayed for," she again answered, looking him full in the face from out her bleared eyes.

He was just about fulfilling her request, when the poor wretch added, "But I want her to pray for me;" and she pointed to the good woman at her side.

"What could I do?" said the pastor; "it was against the rules of our church to ask a woman to speak in meeting, but I could not heed rules under such circumstances; and I said: 'Madam, here is a poor soul wants your prayers—pray for her.' Down knelt the good sister, and earnestly prayed. The prayer was not eloquent, neither lengthy. It was simply these words: 'O Lord, help her to do better; she wants Thy help. Do come and help her to do right, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

They arose, and went their way; but God hears prayer, and that was the commencement of better things for the poor, degraded Mrs. W——.

Two years after this there was in the same church a great temperance meeting, and the women marched in a procession. At their head came a large, handsome woman, bearing a blue silk banner on which appeared the words, "Woman's work for woman's weal." The good pastor had a friend with him in the pulpit who asked:

"Who is that large, fine-looking woman?"

"That is Mrs. W——."

"And pray who is Mrs. W——?"

The pastor then related the story we have just told.

"And what wrought a reform in one so base?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"It was the power of the gospel, sir," answered the pastor.

"And how did the gospel reach her? Was it through your preaching?"

"I think not; but let us call her and ask her;" and the pastor beckoned the woman to come forward. She modestly advanced, and he asked: "Mrs. W——, what wrought your reformation?"

"It was the power of a kiss;" and she again repeated the story we have told, and added: "Ministers of the gospel had talked to me of my degradation, and told me how dreadful the life was I was leading; other men had upbraided me, and told me that I ought to be ashamed—a woman making herself such a spectacle, and sternly bade me do better. This did no good, nor influenced me in the least; but when that dear, good, angel woman came to me and kissed me, my hard heart was softened; and when she told me that it was because she loved me I was melted to the soul, and she, under God, was the means of my reform."

And now Mrs. W—— to-day is leading the life of a Christian.—*The Christian at Work.*

A Dear Little Boy, just five years old, whose father was from home and his mother sick and in her room, when seated at the table one evening with his little sister, was told by his nurse to commence to eat his supper. He looked up into her face, saying: "Why, we ought to ask a blessing before we eat." The nurse said to him: "Well, cannot you ask one yourself?" His reply was: "Of course I can." Reverently folding his hands, with bowed head, he said: "God bless this for Jesus' sake. Amen."

A London Infidel wished that all the churches were "wiped out," beginning with Spurgeon's. "Then," asked Dr. MacEwen, "which of you infidels will be the first to take upon himself the responsibility of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage?" It does not require much thought to see that the Christian Church not only is the foundation of the systematic benevolence of our civilization, but also of nearly every good institution of society. Even education would languish without the motives supplied by religion.

HOW TO DO IT.

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small,
And our works are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing—
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We, too, may be reapers
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

—*S. Churchman.*

"STICK TO THE MILL AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

BY W. N. BURR.

Charlie Baird is about seventeen, and is regarded in Blanktown as "a good boy, but too much afraid of the world ever to make his way in it with much success." I have so thought of him myself until to-day. Now that I have had a glimpse of the boy as he is, not as he has appeared, I find myself looking upon him as an entirely new acquaintance. Charlie is a studious fellow, and ought to be in school preparing for college, according to man's idea of what "ought to be;" but Mrs. Baird is a widow, with the burden of providing for life's necessities resting wholly upon her shoulders except as Charlie is able to help her, and instead of spending his time with the work he loves, the boy has been thrust into the world to gather from it such material acquirement as he may.

"I have something I want to say to you," he said in an undertone as I met him for a moment at the door of the postoffice this morning. A little later we were alone in my room and I was listening to his story.

"Yesterday I heard Deacon Blodgett say as I was passing his store, 'There goes a boy who never did anything wrong in his life except that he was born for a place which circumstances will never permit him to fill. Has n't grit enough to get on in the world in spite of opposing circumstances.' I suppose there are other people who think of me in the same way, and I felt that I would like to tell you of some things they know nothing about. Deacon Blodgett is mistaken in at least one thing he said of me yesterday, for I have done a great many things wrong, and one of them has been troubling me not a little for the past three weeks.

"People have wondered, I know, why I came home from Warrenville last month, where I had work and was earning a little something in Frazier's mill. I would not like to have them know, and if it were not for the thought that you can perhaps help some other boy by giving him this bit of my experience as a word of warning, I would not have come to you as I have this morning. I did not like my work at the mill. It was dirty work, the men were not congenial, and I was homesick all the time I was there. I heard that Mr. Blackwell wanted another man here in his grocery store, and I wrote for the position. The prospect of getting it seemed to be good; I heard at once from Mr. Blackwell, and he said he would let me know within a week. He was an intimate friend of father's and had always been very kind to mother and me, and as I thought about the matter, as I did from daylight to dark, I felt no doubt that the place would be given to me. I gave up my job at the mill and came home, only to find that one of Mr. Blackwell's former clerks wanted to come back, and he was preferred because he was an experienced hand. In my settlement of the matter I had not taken that possibility under consideration, and acting hastily I was left without work. It was a great mistake. I wish every boy in the land who is obliged to work for a living could learn the lesson I have learned without being obliged to go through the bitter experience. Won't you write about it some time, and warn boys never to give up one thing, even if it is not to their taste, until they are quite sure of something better? It is a mistake to drop even an uncongenial certainty for an uncertainty, and I want just as many people as possible to profit by my experience. Won't you write about it?—but," he added, dropping his eyes, "keep back my name."

And so, while I have thought best to tell the story as the words of another, I have kept back his real name. It is not Charlie Baird; but that does not matter. There is a multitude of young men and boys who are out of place in this land of ours to-day because they did not keep the place God gave them to start in. They wander into the rooms of our Young Men's Christian Associations and perplex busy secretaries with appeals for help; they call at the houses of our busy pastors and ask for aid in an effort to "get back home;" they take the time of our busy merchants as they go from one store to another "looking for a place;" they drift into saloons and billiard halls, and not a few of them "find a place" behind iron bars. Oh, how many men the sun looks upon to-day who wish they had remained where they were until something better opened to them! Stand on your small bit of solid ground, boys, until you are quite sure that to step from it will not put you into a quicksand.

But I have not yet written all that Charlie told me this morning.

"I have never known three such dark weeks in my life as those have been since I came home," he continued. "Life at the mill was much more endurable, or might have been if I had not allowed myself to look all the time on the dark side. To see mother working so hard, and I not earning a cent to help her, has been almost torture.

"The first bit of comfort I have had came to me last night in prayer-meeting. They were singing,

"'Simply trusting ever day;'

and when they came to the words

"'If in danger, for Him call,'

I was somehow reminded of the ninety and nine that went not astray and of the one that did wander. I saw myself as the one that had made a mistake. I had turned off to one side thinking I would find something better than I had, and there I was alone, wretched, in danger. For the moment I forgot I was in the meeting with friends all around me, I seemed to be out in some dark, rocky, dangerous place stumbling along blindly; but those words,

"'If in danger, for Him call,'

were ringing in my ears, and feeling myself utterly helpless, I just called to God to help me. I felt I was willing to do all I could for myself, but He must direct me, for I had proved my foolishness and knew that I needed his wisdom. I went home feeling like another person; and this morning I received a letter from Mr. Frazier in answer to one I wrote a few days ago, bringing the good news that I may have my old place at the mill next week. I shall go back to Warrenville next Monday, and I will not leave the mill again until I am sure of work somewhere else. There is a prospect of a place in Stone's book-store in the fall, and I shall try my best to get it, for if I cannot look into books as much as I would like, the next best thing will be to handle them; but for the present I shall stick to the mill and make the best of it."—*American Messenger.*

HOW THEY LANDED.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris were four months and a half *en route* to their distant island home, and were heartily glad at length to reach it. The landing was effected in safety, but not without risk. "It was Sunday morning, March 21st," writes Mr. Harris, "when we arrived off Oneroa, the chief settlement of Mangaia. We usually expect head-winds in sailing from Raratonga to Mangaia, and prepare ourselves accordingly for four or five nights of very unpleasant experience. Fortunately for us a favorable wind sprang up the day we left, and we were only one night coming across. By our hoisting two flags the Mangaians knew that we were on board, and very soon we saw a boat coming out to our schooner. Our captain was of opinion that we should not be able to land, as the wind was blowing strongly in the face of the settlement. The natives, however, who had come out to fetch us, could not endure the thought of our staying aboard, and after much talk they succeeded in inducing us to get down into their boat. We were, however, soon almost sorry that we had listened to them. As soon as we got in sight of the surf I suggested that we should return to the ship. To me it seemed like folly to attempt to land through such a terrible surf. After waiting for nearly an hour, in painful suspense, a large canoe was launched, and into that only Mrs. Harris and myself were allowed to enter—our three young children being left in the care of the native crew. I think I never witnessed such a surf; but patience on our part, and marvellous perseverance on the part of the natives, at last succeeded in landing us in safety, though not without a good soaking, over the surf on to the reef. One had to excuse the shouting of the natives as they snatched away the canoe immediately it touched the reef. The whole settlement was waiting on the beach to receive us, and before we could possibly get up to our house, I suppose we must have shaken hands with several hundred natives. We were of course anxious about our little ones; but our old nurse, we were told, with several others was waiting, up to her waist in water, in order to rescue them safely, and bring them up to us. In about half an hour our dear ones were with us. As it was about service time, I desired all present to leave us to ourselves, and go to the chapel, assuring them that I would conduct the service in the afternoon, by which time I hoped to get some dry clothes on."—*London Missionary Chronicle.*

ON STILTS.

"I remember," said the doctor, "a fancy which raged among the boys of my time for walking on stilts. Whether we were sent to school or to the harvest field or to the village store, we must mount up on these high, unsteady sticks, and stagger along on them. It gave us a delicious feeling of superiority to look down on ordinary men and women, until suddenly we slipped, and fell flat in the mud. I remember my father saw me tumble into the gutter one day, and said sternly,—

"'Keep to your own legs, boy. Too many people in this world walk on stilts! Keep to your own legs!'

"I have never forgotten his warning. So many of us are on stilts! There is Judge C——, who was a leading lawyer in a Pennsylvania town. He lived in a large house surrounded by beautiful gardens, his family were the centre of a circle of cultivated and refined people, their life was busy, simple and genuine, and therefore, happy.

"Suddenly, C—— removed to New York, in order that his boys could have wider opportunities, and his girls could make wealthy marriages. His large mansion in the village had cost two hundred dollars a year for rent; his cramped city flat cost three thousand. His wife and daughters had worn muslin; now they rustled in velvet and silk.

"Late balls took the place of the informal friendly hospitality of their old home. The end of it was, the girls, having no dower, were laughed at and neglected by the rich fashionable men whom they courted; the boys plunged into all the vices of the city; and C—— in three years was a ruined man. He had tried to walk on stilts!

"When I see plain men trying to imitate the leaders in business or politics, women aping fashionable life, college-boys pluming themselves upon their acquisition of the alphabet of knowledge, or girls smiling and lisping with an affectation of sweetness and innocence which they do not possess, I feel like calling out, 'Come down from your stilts!'"

Imitation and sham in any character are but synonyms for weakness.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Question Corner.—No. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Mention an accident connected with a heathen god.
2. In what three cities were many Philistines destroyed for having the Ark of God in their possession?
3. What warned David where to attack his enemies?
4. Who was stricken dead for steadying the ark?
5. The hand of what king withered as he tried to injure a man of God?

BIBLICAL ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Add the number of feet in the length, breadth and height of Noah's ark; divide the sum by the number of years Absalom dwelt at Jerusalem and saw not his father; subtract from this the number of years of the life of Terah; add the number of years Isaiah walked barefoot, and the number of years the famine was in Egypt in Joseph's time and you will have the years of Amram's life.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 22.

BIBLE ALPHABET.—A. Esther 1:1. B. Dan. 5. 1-2. C. Numbers 13: 30-33. D. Jud. 4: 4-14. E. 1 Sam. 21: 1-7. F. Acts 26: 24. G. John 18 1-2. H. 2 Sam. 2: 11. I. Gen. 21: 9. J. Psa. 132: 6. K. 1 Sam. 9: 2. L. Isa. 14: 12. M. Col. 4: 10. N. Nahum 1: 1. O. Philemon 1: 10. P. 2 Tim. 4: 21. R. Acts 12: 13. T. Acts 20: 6, 7. U. 2 Sam. 6. 7. V. Esther 1: 19. & Z. Lam. 5: 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—
1. Ezra 14. 14-20.
2. Jer. 15. 1.
3. Jer. 15. 1.
4. Lam. 5. 11.

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Our next issue will contain the prospectus in full, but, as the competition will commence from this announcement, we would strongly advise our friends to commence canvassing their neighbors at once, so that they may be able, without any delay, to send us in well-filled lists.

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